

GREEN LITTLE INC.

to let that child was the place for peace and good will to be in.

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THE GEOLOGICAL TERRITORY.

The following are listed with great activity by the Communist Party, U.S.A., in order to establish the world revolution:

JAMES M. WILSON, Chairman
JOHN L. LEWIS, Secretary

We were 4 to 5000 ft. and had walked for two or three
miles, when the man in the car said to me that I need
not go far he was not at home. To say myself, we went and were
met by the man in the car.

[illegible]

During our stay in Harts Creek, which was not pleasant, we learned that
 people take a very long time to get there; and that they
 could not be believed unless they

I wrote a letter to the editor of the Times, (only two after, enclosing a letter for posterity, to the Worcester, I saw this and to put a stop upon it, and I did not and I put it upon the table, and I was the first one to leave the room, and the first one to enter it, being alone, and a few minutes.

Parished in Winchester and the spirits said that there were no let-
ters in prison for either of us. They said that if, however, I might go
out a bit. I did not know there was nothing for us, as I had been in-
formed.

On the other side of the U.S. Daily Traveler, and inquired if they had received a letter from a man named a dollar named. They said, Yes. I then told them that I had come over with the paper, and they made inquiry. I said that they had forgotten to send it to me. They then gave me the letter, and they had and I then made the change.

The pack I took that he had sent with me, said that he would
send me a letter as soon as he could, and that he would
send me a letter as soon as he could, and that he would

... I did write a letter and enclosed the money and I sent it by the post office. About a week after we received a letter from him acknowledging the receipt of the letter and the money and he wrote acknowledging it was a letter written and sent for the spirit to answer him, stating he was a blond woman.

to be on. I sat down and read the letter in my hand and the medium replied without looking up, word for word, line for line, and continued:

The words were hardly out of my mouth, before one end of the driver's seat came off the back and set into the bottom of the aisle; and as he could not get it in its place and attempting to sit down it would go down, and they kept him so for about five minutes, and he trying to get it in its place all the time. I tried to spread the back of the wagon with my hands so as to satisfy my mind that it would not go as on to get the seat come down into it, and the lady could not spread. The driver could head I don't know what was the matter with it. I never acted on before. The end of the seat could not slip off without first being lifted up, and slid from two to four inches the other way. We laughed until our sides ached so hard, that we had to beg them to stop, and in their stopping they nearly threw us out of the wagon, by lifting our seat up at least a foot from the back of the wagon.

the night last week. Mr. Haggis held a sitting with Dr. Henry of the school, and myself, and the following instructions were given. While we were sitting at the table, a letter was handed on top of the table with the following contents. We had been drinking some Kuratoga

drink it. The Deaconed the last of the way round and drank it, ~~and~~ then the speaker and that he must drink it, well up and down, for ~~there~~ was a joke in it that must come out. It did as he said it did not come out, but he then took the bottle and drank it, and to the bottom of it, ~~was~~ a ten dollar bill, for the same purpose, the six dollars were for money coming from the same source as the previous part of the same

I will state to you, however, that I will vouch for my word that I have been spoken to, and that during all my life with Mr. Rogers nothing unfair has been practiced, and I never bear the same sort of body tests that could possibly be given. I have never received

a most interesting presentation. All of these markings are clearly made in broad daylight. The medium has all of the things in the bright-light possible. The same features have been truly seen during and startling, yet they have not been so well as the same. It is to have within it through his medium.

Owing to the numerous entries, Mr. Rogers will probably be unable to see him, must address a letter to A. D. Rogers in care of James W. Weir, 729 Broadway, Room 42, and they will meet with attorneys next month in connection.

Mr. DUNSTON spoke of the possibility of a remedy for hemorrhage of the lungs, etc., which he had found with great success upon himself and others. He said, with respect to the transmission, for it might be more proper to say, the *substitution* of twist, of which Mr. Weston

He furnished me a sample, the same thing was related to him some years ago by a Dr. Gregory, then of the city of Albany, a man of distinguished capacity who also told him, among other wonderful things, several samples of the metals thus mysteriously obtained.

Dr. O'Connell stated that during the day he had met with a well-known merchant of a neighboring city, who informed him of the fact that a friend of his who was a Spiritist, had to come to a decision in his money matters, and at a particular crisis applied to his spirit friends

He came I would to take \$1500 to meet an exigency, and they did help him to that amount. He received \$700 of it in this way. He was told by the people to take a walk along a certain street he did so, and there met what seemed to him to be a man who handed him a

Mr. PATTERSON: Well, He should be rather sorry to have that fact announced, it is a really spiritual manifestation, because it might be misused as a sort of premium for people to become Spiritualists.

between it will be found more profitable in the long run, for each ~~man~~ spiritualist, to found their faith upon their own personal

PHILOSOPHICAL AND MORAL DEPARTMENT.

ARE ALL MEN IMMORTAL?

By C. P. PIERCE, Esq.

W. A. C. A. A. A.

My mind has been dwelling for some time past on the question of what is denominated spiritual communication; and if we are to credit the generally believed opinion, which coincides also with Sacred History, "as the tree falleth so it lieth," we ought not to be surprised at the contradictory statements, for it is not reasonable to suppose that the spirit, which has lately entered upon its new state of existence, should jump at once from ignorance and error into a condition of supreme wisdom. But the tree which has fallen, no longer lieth in the same situation when the necessities of men come across it with a good Yankee axe and an arm accustomed to wield it. So in a spiritual sense, the Spirit that has had opportunities, and a willing inclination to move onward and upward, I should suppose, must pass into that degree of truth and wisdom that would induce it to make communications, if it made any at all, worthy of credit. Now we have a long list of media who pretend to be inspired by Spirits of a high order. By those who, in addition to a good and useful life spent on earth, have had centuries of careful training amidst the heavenly hosts. Where are we to look for anything like authority, anything like reliable information, if the most gifted of mortals disagree as to what they consider facts, especially as to the destination of the soul after it has become disengaged of its mortal coil? Who that has watched the career of A. J. Davis, who has listened to his soul-stirring lectures, or who has merely read his autobiography, but must be convinced of the inspiring influence that animates him? Who is there that personally knows him, but sees in him the embodiment of truth, so far as mortal man can be supposed to approach unto the perfection of that divine attainment? Yet he states that all men are not destined to immortality, and from the knowledge we have of his educational pursuits, he could not have formed this opinion in his normal state; he owes all his knowledge to inspiration, and has thereby justly become the wonder of the age. Mrs. Britt, so the newspapers report, is of this opinion, given to her to speak while in the trance state; and for the eloquence of her language, and the love she breathes for all mankind, we may well suppose the inspiring Spirit to be highly developed. Yet these same teachers, as well as the most gifted media, hold that the race of man is one common brotherhood—that we are all links of one eternal chain, and that the severance of one link causes inharmoniousness to the whole. Alpha and Omega are not more distant than these two opinions. Whilst all good men are bent on discoveries and projects for the improvement of mankind; whilst assemblies of men from all parts of the Union, are exchanging thoughts, with a view to the same humanitarian purpose—what must be the effect if such a damning clause gains ground, viz., the possibility, or the conviction that the souls of all men are not the heirs of salvation? The orthodox pulpit dare not go so far, for it tends to bell by wholesale those who will not subscribe to its dogmatical errors. Even the Roman Catholics suppose a purgatory, where the writhing Spirit must await better times; but both allow of the immortality of all souls. To say mankind are a brotherhood, and yet some are to be annihilated, is really blowing hot and cold with the same breath. Let us suppose a case: A pious mother has departed this life, leaving a son to struggle with the pitiless world. This good mother may have mailed with an organization little suited to her own highly developed one, and consequently given birth to a child who inherited all the bad qualities of the father. Anxiety on her son's account, and his ungrateful conduct, may have shortened her mortal career; but that anxious love, a mother's deep, endearing love, followed her into the spiritual abode, when to her ears came that her son, the only object of all her worldly solicitude, is destined to be annihilated! (Can her Spirit ever be happy if it retains individuality? Can the angels who associate with her, refrain from sharing her grief and disappointment? Does not the word of warning, of a pious mother's voice, resound through all years? Is there not a link in the chain broken, and how can harmony be restored? But farther: The son, whilst on earth, has sought and obtained the love of a being who resembles his mother in organization, and by whom he has a numerous progeny. They in the course of time enter the Spirit-land, and on awakening, expect to see their earthly father; but no, they learn that he is annihilated, that he was only an animal of the brute class, and therefore has perished like the brutes of the field.

knowledge and experience. A gentleman had informed him recently of a singular incident, which he would relate. It appears that a friend of his informant had some difficulty with regard to a settlement with a neighbor, and pending one of their negotiations, a click in the room, which had been dumb for months to the utter astonishment of the owner, struck him. Subsequently, and while writing a receipt which was to end their differences, the same click placed of motion and movement revived and struck one again, to the sensible agitation of the writer of the receipt, who left the room in search of water to prevent him from fainting. Neither of these gentlemen are Spiritualists on their own profession, and yet the one who related it critically did so with the idea that it might, after all, have some relation to the phenomenon known as spiritual manifestations. He does not, however, build his church on that fact as a corner stone, for it may not have been spiritual in its origin and he had related it simply to show what was occurring in the world, and the attention to Spiritualism elicited thereby. The interesting statement made by Mr. Weston, in his communication of the facts reported some months ago in the Spiritual Telegraph, by Dr. Peters and the late Prof. Hare, as occurring in the presence of the same medium.

Mr. Serra (of Chicago) said: He was pleased with the avalanche of facts which had descended from the Alpine range of observation, upon us here in the valley of skepticism. It must work exert a cooling influence upon the cauldrons of doubt, into which some minds have been unwisely plunged. The skeptical element is as active as any other, and when it predominates, the subject requires a fresh miracle every day in order to keep his faith from spilling. He has known mediums who have been instrumental in convincing common skeptics, so full of doubt themselves as to whether anything extraordinary had really occurred, that they needed a fresh variation of facts every week to keep their souls above sea. It was even thus with the famous mind Simon Peter was allowed in the same way that some of us are, and thought we may not wear at the present time as he did when he was charged with being a Spiritualist, some doubts, are quite as ready to deny as he was, whenever a cloud of any kind intervenes between the mind and a manifestation of its powers and power. But Simon Peter, doubter that he was, finally recovered his faith when the prophetic character had fairly finished his third evening, and came to be reckoned among the saints, and he hoped the endeavor would be enlarged. There are those who accept the philosophy of Spiritualism but deny the facts upon which it rests. This is the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out. Take away the facts, and what becomes of the philosophy? Mr. Smith recited some facts to show that Spirits can and do aid their friends on earth in various ways—that they not only reveal to us the immortality which no philosophy can demonstrate—but befriend us in our struggles through the present life.

Mr. Curtis said: As it may be presumed that he is the Peter alluded to, he desired to say that he did not concern a man's judgment very highly who boasted of having always been of the same opinion. It had not been so with him. He had accepted enthusiastically at one time, the fact of physical manifestations being justified by spiritism. Subsequent investigation had convinced him that he had really seen nothing, after all, but what might have been produced by mortals. For this reason he had denied and doubted. But if he should ever be as lucky as to stumble upon a fact (which he hoped he might be) that he could not ascribe to mortals, no subject would find time to grow more than once before he would be around again. He maintains that in all this apparent uncertainty he is but being true to himself—to the highest evidence of truth for the time being. As, for example, suppose he should go to a strange medium, and a Spirit should purport to communicate:—I am your mother; my name was Mary; I died in Boston of typhoid fever at such a time, etc. This being true would be, to him, evidence indubitable as the alleged facts; but suppose he should discover, in a month or two afterwards, that the assumed stranger had been a resident of the same neighborhood, and might have known all these facts for himself? In that case, if he be true to truth and himself, he must turn around and be Peter again, and deny that he has seen any miracle at all. With respect to the transmutation of metals while he, by no means, doubts the intelligence or the integrity of the narrators, he finds that, pitted against the being any thing other than a *convincing* fact, is his own experience of natural law, the demonstrations of science and the revelations of philosophy. To credit this statement, he must distrust all those, and he feels it safe to breathe words which he does not. He wants to be transcended himself, and lives in the daily hope of it, but his friends must not feel with him because he is true to himself. He is a Spiritualist, and will not be turned out of the church. He does not agree with his friend Smith in placing facts above philosophy. The man who could project a planet or an open planet on a philosophical deduction of competent reason, is not to be compared with the Jack tar, who may choose to deny its green waters from the most head, and yet have no more idea of its real significance than has the sea-bird that floats upon its bosom.

Mr. Anna P. Pinner said: He had often witnessed the movement of tables and other objects without the contact of any visible power or power. In one instance, the table, with an one within six inches of it, and the lounge upon which he sat, were both lifted clear of the floor and the table was brought down to the floor with such force as to drive the iron shaft on one of the legs, from which the revolving portion of the sector had been detached, through the carpet and into the floor so firmly as to require a considerable effort to withdraw it. He had seen two persons together lifted upon a table, so as to be in contact with it, the table, with these persons on it being taken to a place in the next room. He had seen a common stand, with a heavy table upon it, lifted, and floated in the air like a cork, no one touching it.

Mr. Jones said: We do not live by facts alone. He is not disposed to ground his immortal hopes on the erratic movements of a wooden table. Though he should see his own feet in the air, with his hands stretched down into the regions of upper air, flapping as leaves by way of wings, it would be no evidence to him, that he should live for ever. He has principles—conclusions that in friends exist and communicate with him. Facts alone are not reliable.

Mr. Paine was rejoiced that he had a Peter here, because it indicated freedom which was the delight of his soul. Is it asked, What has the movement of tables, as described, to do with the question of immortality? He answers, These movements are accompanied with human intelligence; and a combination of human intelligence with physical power, when it does not originate with ourselves must proceed from persons like ourselves. In the observation of the multiplicity of facts of this nature, the inductive mind finds the demonstration of immortality.

Dr. Gray remarked, that one source of skepticism is a deficient rationale as to the cause of the manifestations. When that question is taken up, he is prepared to state his reasons more fully, but will only say now, that there have occurred, in his presence as well as of others, certain phenomena which can not be explained without the aid of Spiritism. Adjourned, A. T. HALLOCK.

REMARKABLE CURE BY CLAIRVOYANT TREATMENT.

Mr. Frederick Hubbard and Mary, his wife, from North Guilford, Conn., visited our office, a short time since, and testified to the following facts in reference to a remarkable cure which had been effected on the lady, under the treatment of Mrs. Caroline E. Dorman, the well-known clairvoyant physician of Newark, N. J.:

Some seven or eight years since Mrs. Hubbard, while in the performance of her vocation as a farmer's wife, met with a severe strain, which so affected her entire system as to result in general debility, and an almost total loss of the power of speech. During six years she never spoke at all, and was compelled to use a slate and pencil for the purpose of conveying her thoughts to her husband and friends. During a part of one year she was enabled, by a great deal of effort and much suffering, to whisper occasionally in a very slight and indistinct manner. Every attempt of this kind was followed by excruciating pain in the region of the throat, and across the breast. Being in good pecuniary circumstances, no means were spared in order to procure the best medical advice within reach. In the seven years of her affliction, as many as six of the best physicians from Hartford, North Guilford and other adjoining towns were consulted, and their treatment submitted to. But all was in vain. Her case only grew worse under their hands, and she seemed to be gradually sinking into the grave without a hope of even recovering sufficient power to bid her friends farewell. While in this deplorable condition she was induced to accept the services of Mrs. Dorman, who, by her clairvoyant powers, immediately perceived the cause of the disease, and the remedies which nature had provided for its removal. Mrs. Dorman commenced a course of treatment which consisted in reviving the wasted energies of her patient and in a few weeks she was completely restored to a good healthy condition. Her speech was fully established, and although she had that day been traveling incessantly from street to street of our city, she appeared in no wise to be more fatigued by her efforts than any other person of ordinary sound health would be.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard appeared to be very grateful to Mrs. Dorman for the great benefit she had conferred upon them, and avowed that their sole motive in visiting us was to bear faithful testimony to what had been done for them, and that if, peradventure, any other persons may be similarly afflicted, they may, by perusing these simple facts, be advised there is still "balm in Gilead," and "hope" even for the most despairing case.

LECTURES AT PULTNEYVILLE.

PULTNEYVILLE, WAYNE CO., N. Y., Oct. 23.

Editorial Telegraph.

I write by the desk of a counting-room, looking out over the blue waters of Lake Ontario. Its waves wash up to the pier close at hand, and a broad expanse spreads away, ocean-like, in the distance.

We have just closed a meeting commencing Thursday night, and lasting through all day and evening yesterday with full attendance of candid and intelligent men and women, and an interest increasing to the close.

The people came from various parts of the county—West Walworth, twenty miles distant, being represented by a delegation of forty.

The principles of Spiritism, the philosophy and facts of progress, the exposure of absurd dogmas in theology, the discussion of true marriage and human freedom, met with earnest attention, a cheering proof that many are beginning to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." A precept emphatically brooded in promises by those who profess to know it. An invitation to question or speak, was extended to all, but Mr. and Mrs. Davis and myself were obliged to do the talking—those present manifesting a welcome capacity in the talking way, yet speaking with closed eyes and suspended consciousness. Your friend, C. B. B. B. B.



1964 FEB 18 WEDNESDAY 8:55

AGREEMENT FOR MATERIALS

Through the eye the mind may be still more definitely im-
pressed than through the ear, and through the former are truly
many more receive communications from his fellow-men, but the
animals, the trees, the landscapes—all Nature speaks to him.
An aspect exists in the outer-world, silent and unexpressed beyond
the sphere of the touch. But the light tells stories of the
seven prismatic rays of which it is made, and the colors
combine to produce the specific color by which the object is

What is necessary to make him a subject of the re-
spected and matured youth that have, I feel, appeared during
the last ten years, has very much to do with an in-
crease of the sense of responsibility, and the sense of
the value of his own life, and the sense of the value of
the life of others. It is the sense of the value of the
life of others, and the sense of the value of the life of
the community, that is the key to our
progress. It is the sense of the value of the life of
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key to our progress. It is the sense of the value of the
life of the community, that is the key to our progress.

Wanda's Prison Association.

Report of the Association of the United States and Canada
Report of the Association of the United States and Canada
Home No. 101 Tenth Avenue
which that they have obtained for a
and of the United States and Canada
were sent to the Association of the United States and Canada
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The Association of the United States and Canada
The Association of the United States and Canada
The Association of the United States and Canada

We have one more evil to contend with, which, for its wide-spread and powerful influence, demands the interposition of reformers and every churchman. The parasite that's shop is next to the dress-shop, the most potent minister to the vices of the worker, and most heinous crime in our city. It is the salubrious confidence we had almost and the power of the dress-shop. The evil which meddled with it, the parasite gives into the hands of the parasite, he turns it into the hands of the parasite; the dress has hardly been laid on the rack, and the gaze by the parasite is constantly restored, when the wicked ledger returns to pass some article necessary to his economy, and thus paved with the passage through the next dress-shop to the salubrious and spends!

This factory is next to all, and is the ruin of thousands and thousands of our great class who have irregular habits and no regular employment. The evil we experience from the parasite, in our American, demands this protest from us, and this call upon all whom it may concern (and does it not concern all?) to mend the morals of the city.

Again we beg that the Report of our Prison Commission, involving the heavy taxation of our institutions, be not left unnoted.

Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines.

We mention that at the State Fairs of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin and California, and at several other fairs at which young men have been brought fairly into competition, the Wheeler & Wilson machine took the highest premiums.

Under this title, Mr. Chassey D. Green of proposes to publish, weekly, at 142 Washington-street, Buffalo, N. Y., a paper of which Spiritualism will be the leading idea. The price of yearly subscriptions will be \$1. in advance. Mr. Greenold has been an investigator of Spiritualism from the commencement of the unfolding, and thinks, (as we learn from his prospectus, that for more than a year past he has been receiving teachings through a medium, and from a circle of Spirits, who are qualified to give forth the "Word of God by the same unchanging laws through which the Scriptures were given to man." The first Number of this proposed journal will be published about the first of November, next.

"The Principles."
The second annual volume of this most little monthly publication has just closed. The editor is answer to those who have manifested solicitude concerning the money of the publication, saying that his expectations as to patronage, subscribers, etc., have been fully realized: that "it has paid, and has left," and that present prospects are so encouraging that the publication has decided to continue it at least another year.

We think this or other labor-tests are wise means to apply to ignorant laborers. Let females who accept the hospitality of the State, be required to make their beds, take care of their meals, and sew knit, or do other work, and the men to plant and hoe corn, dig potatoes, or thresh. These tests, judiciously applied, would save the State from much lag indolence and idleness, and also serve to educate people to get their living by honest industry.

DATE OF BIRTH: _____

We copy from a late number of the Tribune, the following notice of our Randolph, who had appeared in his native, as a novel with such promise, the title of "Doctor". The man has

We are glad to know that our very earnest friends, John O. Watson, Mr. Tupper, and other Republicans are working in the cause and of Kansas.

CITY GOVERNMENT AND CITY PRESS.

Turning over a recent number of the New York Daily Tribune, my eye rested on a sensational article, entitled "Arrest of Fortune Tellers." Its perusal had the singular effect of throwing on its face a reverse, or, to use, if you please, during which the arm of our carnal vision became so enlarged that we were carried in spirit quite beyond the confines of the article, and were made to see several things not reported by the press, nor yet detected by our vigilant police, and yet coming to hold a causal relation to certain well observed, show-theatrical outbreaks of morality on the part of the government and the press, like unto this present episode, from which "the people's Mayor," the New York Tribune, and the pair of Donkeys have but just partially recovered.

We were not only made cognizant of the diabolical procedure which lured the "Holland Convention" beyond the jurisdiction of the municipality, thereby effecting its carnal security from every thing but Donsticks; but were carried back quite to the old days of Salem, when broomsticks had the preference with certain ancient ladies, over all other instruments of illumination, and when the superannuated sister who was too important to drown, was piously hanged. Seeing that "the witches are not all dead yet," but have broken out afresh in this our Gotham, and parts adjacent, in the character of clairvoyants, spiritual mediums and fortune-tellers, and that Donsticks and the "Mayor's squad" for the last two years or so, have been religiously engaged in their annihilation—induced us to examine the somewhat imposing question, as seen in the light of historical data, as to which was the greater nemesis, the broomsticks and their reputed rulers, or the civil and ecclesiastical donkeys who, with bay and hoof, undertook to rid the world of that annoying immorality? The light was too clear, however, to leave us long in doubt upon this point, and we were compelled to the conviction on the spot, that, with the exception of Donsticks and the "Mayor's squad" acting in concert to smother out and punish the witches and wizards of this metropolis, there has not existed under the sun a more pestiferous set of desperadoes than the witch-killers of the old Salem period.

Best peace to their phosphates! Cotton Mather and Judge Hale may peer over the pallings which protect their sacred anathema from the enticements of common clay, to see themselves outdone in their own specialty by the Donsticks and donkeys of our modern Gotham. Refreshed by this consideration, which we hold to be indelible evidence that the "world moves," we were encouraged to look for the cause of the rather sudden suspension of the conservative assumptions so popular in these days, of hanging and burning witches, and were rewarded for our pains, by being enabled to state, for the information of "Sergeants Birney and Croft," and the edification of Donsticks, that the judicial sport of treating such as were suspected of "solemn conversing with the devil" by way of conjuration, or the like, finally got itself played out through over zeal on the part of the police, whose duty and interest it was to keep it going. In this last haste they lost the saving grace of conventional assumption. It did very well to swear an old woman with out family position or personal consequence, astride her own broomstick, riding an aerial extrusion, with the unholy intent to—

—sweep the rainbow out of the sky;

but when attempts to mounting the minister and his family on that improved Trojan horse, he exploded, and disheveled every groom of the sacred stud. The joke, you see, became rather too practical to be wholly pleasant—the accusers and judges themselves not being entirely secure from the diabolical influence of their own broomsticks and broomsticks. And this is just the reason we would have hammered into the memory of Donsticks and his merry-men, pending their next foray after fortune-tellers, otherwise it may happen unto themselves as it has with their "Illustrated Proboscis"; that is to say, they may—do, and then spoil sport.

It is only and is all the better for a little tempering with carnal passion, and a bigger on horseback, though it be the carnal passion of popular favor, will find himself all the safer from a fall in the dirt, with a pair of eyes in his head. Agile jockey, however is Donsticks, he is a light weight, morally speaking, and in the way of larger than popularity as gracefully as a thoroughbred paces on his own good quills; but what if the thing got the blind staggers, like the restrained quivering of Niagara's spirit, and so stagger by with a jolt

half to open a vein! In that case he may find it convenient to dismount with a degree of unpremeditated celerity which may leave him like that unlucky gentleman, with the unmentionable portion of his scientific reputation "torn in a grievous place."

One-eyed detective, no doubt, is Sergeant Donkey; he sees sharply enough in the right sort of dark, but if he must needs go it blind in the day-time, he may chance to find himself some fine morning, in high feather, but quite in the wrong box; which might turn out adversely to the mundane interests of the "squad." Donsticks and Donkey, if they are to make a business of hunting witches in couples, should club their wisdom. There is a fine, sharp-toothed old saw, that insists on requiring nine tailors to make a man; and by parity, it will take nineteen Donsticks to keep one Donkey out of a scrape, in his haste to have his fortune told, unless the said Donkey & Co. keep themselves strictly within the sacred "brae" of immorality in rags. "High-reaching Buckingham grows (less) circumspect" of late, than is strictly desirable for the future well-being of the "squad." If the intelligent reader doubt it, take the case of "Madame Hays," who was visited by "Sergeant Croft," as reported in the Tribune article, where it stands as a sample of its high conservative influence upon the future morality of the country. Here it is:

"She (Madam Hays) professed to be a clairvoyant, and to tell of secret friends, etc. She went to sleep, her servant taking hold of her hand gently, but was soon awakened by the unwelcome announcement from the police. She complained bitterly of what she considered a gross imposition on a lone and unprotected female, but her protestations did not avail, and she had to take the journey to the Squad Room."

Now, it would take a pretty large "Squad Room" to hold all the mothers, daughters and sisters, today in the city of New York, having the identical ability charged against this "Madam Hays," and many a parlor, probably adorned by as much virtue and intelligence as graces Mayor Tiemann's own, would be made desolate for a time, at least, were its mistresses sent to the "Squad Room" for being "clairvoyant" and able "to tell of secret friends." Let this Knight of the Club make but a general sweep of such as possess that power, and we wot of gentlemen, who, on their return from business, would be likely to forego their five o'clock dinner for a lunch with a wife or daughter in the "Squad Room"—gentlemen, it may be, quite as good judges of humping as the average of reporters for the press—ladies, certainly, whom "Sergeant Croft" will never know, except by accident.

Now, if a member of this "Squad," or the "Squad" collectively, with a troop of "city-firm" gatherers in the rear, can enter "327 Broome-street," and on a charge against its mistress of professing proprietorship of a mental power as well as accented as the latitude of Bunker Hill Monument, and about as well known outside of the Tribune office and the "Squad Room" as the North Star, and can drag the timid wife and mother from thence along the public streets to some filthy receptacle for detected vice and crime, there to await the convenience of the chief magistrate, what is to prevent them from entering any other number, on any other street, and doing the same thing, as often as it comports with their pleasure, or with the interests of the sensation-gatherers for the daily press when they find the prize fights at a discount, and the stock of dreadful murders running low? What home is safe from a visitation of this sort, we should be glad to know, if the right of search is to be entrusted to ignorance and impudence like that displayed on the present occasion? Mayor Tiemann, with probably enough of scientific accuracy to disperse yellow ware from petty, set in motion by "some very interesting revelations in regard to these people, published in the Tribune last year" (done in perennial snuff by the dingy Donsticks) confides the duty of arresting "these people" to Sergeants Birney and Croft; and those moral and scientific inquirers, whom the Tribune honestly hints it has put upon the scent, are free to apply the thumb-screws to every reputation which they or their masters deem it safe to assail.

And yet we hear of a "Satanic Press." But what is an angelic press, we should be glad to know? Is it to spread before the public eye all the disgusting details of a bruising match, when that amusement is in fashion, or to cram the public ear with the sickly insinuations of "permeated meetings," when the town is afflicted with a religious epidemic? Is it to do as a dull apparition that which the "Satanic Press" does as an expert? If there be the signs of the angelic, pray what are the marks of the satanic? Surely, if his beauteous Majesty have

really assumed control of the types, it can make but small difference practically whether he be *Heralded* by a chosen bat, or mount the *Tribune* in a garb of sheepskin. "The Devil on two sticks," or Donsticks, must be ever the same mischief-making imp, requiring a like vigilant eye upon his pranks.

The press that does not call itself satanic, can denounce the brutality of the prize ring, to be sure, where men stand up to face to bruise their own carcasses, of their own good pleasure; but it can give us specimens the while in its own behalf, of the meaner pugilism which bruises defenseless character, in sheer ignorance of facts, and utter recklessness of consequences. As, for example, the *Tribune*: not content with the crown of glory won through being instrumental under God and Sergeant Croft in sending Madam Hays to the lock-up, must needs magnify its angelic mission by giving his victim a dig in the ribs of her reputation after he has her down. Thus, by way of finish, or heavenly visitant proceeds after this fashion:

"Madame Hays above mentioned, was said to be the woman with whom a Mr. Stuyvesant, a couple of years ago, formed an infamous connection, which resulted in his committing suicide."

Now, if this guardian angel of the cradled morality of Gotham, will but examine his own current report of that transaction, he will observe that it was then and there demanded of the public eye, that it should draw on its lachrymal gland and let us water flow over the depravity of a "Mrs. Seymour," by reason of her complicity with "Stuyvesant," the aforesaid defunct. Here is a dilemma! all our tears flowing to waste two years ago, by reason of Donsticks diverting the hose to the wrong sinner! Madam Hays is the culprit now, for whose moral extinction we are to lay on the water; who it may be next year, Donsticks alone can tell. This we know; before we draw the plug a third time to wash out the same sin, we shall require explicit information as to the identity of the sinner; we demand categorically, who struck William Paterson? Has he been hit by anybody, whatever or whoever—or is the story of criminality a lie put up to maintain a prerogative of the angelic press, to launch its surprise condemnation of character, and draw checks thereon to meet the demands of trade? Only settle it; show us a person worthy of being stared at in holy horror, and we are ready to strike an attitude; but then to change the object upon us every year, leads not only to a waste of water, but what is of greater consequence, must do a great injustice to morality.

The more delicate the duty, the more care is needed in the selection of the agents to perform it. Remove the brass buttons which adorn the hats of some of the Metropolitan Police, and they are just the persons to remind you of the prudence of looking after your watch or purse, when in accidental contact with them. Should they be found in your house by any misfortune, you would instinctively telegraph Bridget to count the forks. Give to such men as these, power, as in the present instance, to enter, club in hand, upon the premises of whomsoever they may take it into their heads to arrest, guided solely by their own judgment as to who should, and who should not, be treated to the public extinction of a boulevard at the expense of the city, and an airing of their morality at the hands of Donsticks; and who shall be bound to the intolerable nuisance to which this system of recklessness has given birth? Both our Municipal Lion and our angelic Editor, with such jackals as these to cater for them, begin even now to emit an unpleasant odor through foul feeding. Unless they see to it speedily, they will become a stench in the nostrils of all honorable men. Mayor Tiemann should look deeper than the uniform, into the character of the individuals composing his "Squad," before he confers upon them the double duty of judge and executioner, and deeper than a newspaper item, before he calls them from the grocery to receive the trust.

Neither may it be amiss for angelic Editor, if he is to sit in his sanctum from "dawn to dewy eve," with his eyes turned up, wrapped in the contemplation of his own morality, and is to depend, as now, on his corps of Donkeys for his knowledge of the moral and intellectual status of the world below him, to remember that something more than hair and hat and fountain pen should enter into the make-up of a reporter who is to be the fulcrum upon which angelic Editor is to plant the lever that is to move the world.

It is a remarkable fact that the Cleveland market is sending grapes to Cincinnati, the crop of the latter point having proved a failure, owing to the bugs and mildews engendered by the extreme wet and heat of the past season. The Lake shore is the spot for grapes raising in Ohio, a total failure not having been known in this region in twenty-three years.

